

WILL SCHNEIDER

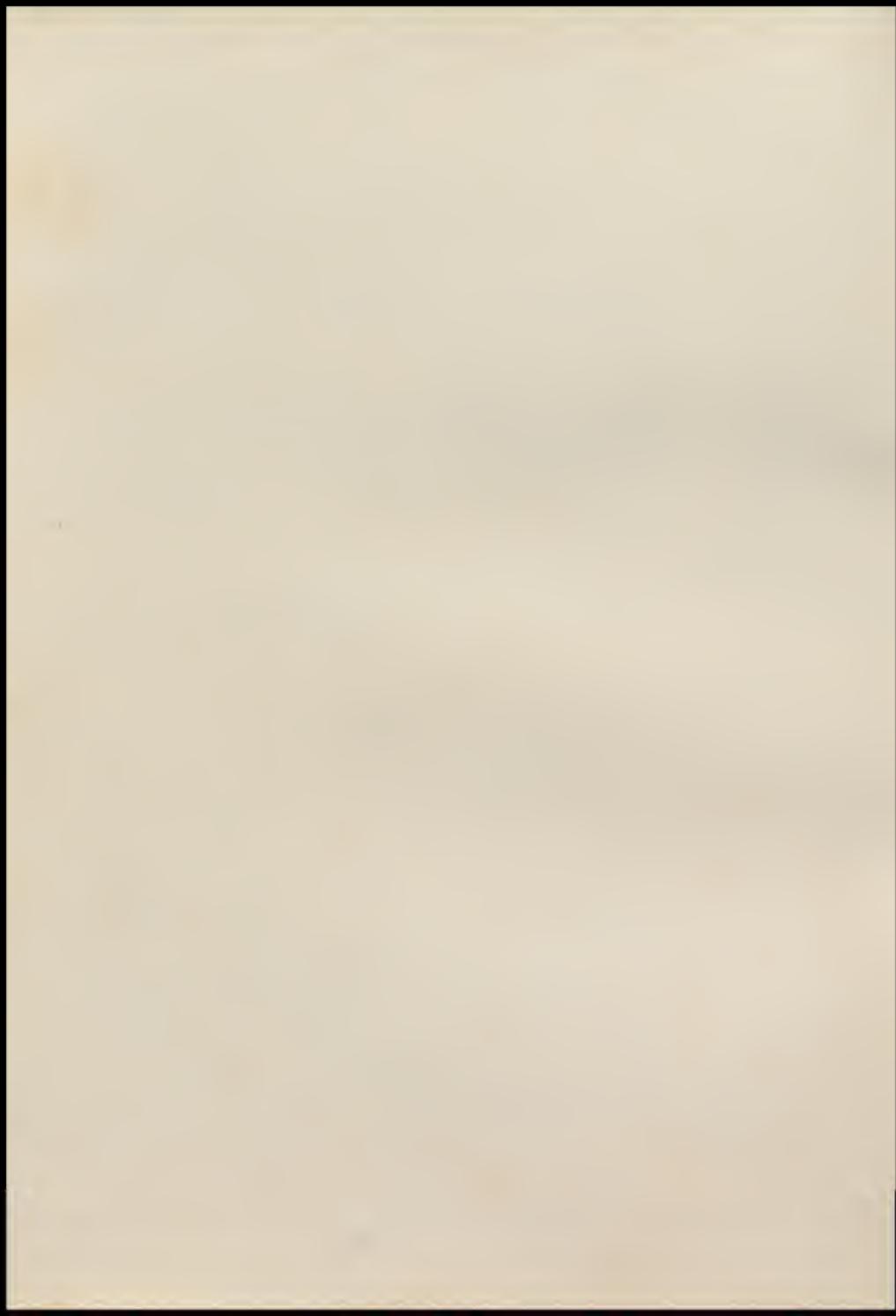
ARTICLES

1912



K. H. S.

Class of Nineteen Twelve.



Ode to High School Days

DEAR K. H. S. I can foretell
From how I feel at this farewell
That wheresoe'er my path may chance
I'll ever cast a backward glance;
Ever longing for a gone-by view,
Thinking silently of you.
What a pleasure it will be
Long after I have put to sea
To pause a moment by the way,
To recall a single happy day,
A day well marked from those of yore,
Oh, thou last days gone now forever more!

-- Raymond L. Williamson, '12.



E. E. WRIGHT, B. S.,
Superindendnt



BERTHA TOFTE, B. S.,
Principal



HARRIET A. FELTON
Music and Drawing



KATHERINE R. KRING

Introduction

THE Senior class of K. H. S. have edited this annual as a parting token of their four years High School work.

Although few in numbers, the class has been mighty in strength. It contains Historians whose knowledge of History is far in advance of that of High School students; Orators whose powers are exceptional; Artists whose productions scarcely fail to be as perfect as nature; Musicians whose selections excite the hearer's most appreciative attention, and mathematicians who are excelled by few.

We, the class of 1912, wish to express our appreciation and thanks to those who have so kindly aided in making our annual a success. We are greatly indebted to the business men who have contributed so freely and have made possible this publication; To the different members of the school who have contributed articles; To Mr. Hofferth who has so kindly assisted us in cartoons and illustrations, and to the school as a whole who have helped to make these four years of ours a period of enjoyment. We wish to extend our most sincere gratitude and thanks.

The President.



Kouts High School Building

Verses to the Faculty

BEHOLD our Professor, calm and true,
With life's high purpose well understood.
The work he did, the lore he knew,
The joy of always doing good!

Miss Tofte, we shall ne'er forget
Her voice that called from work and play;
Her firm, but kindly hand, which met
And guided us in wisdom's way.

Miss Kring, who climbed the path anew
And in the Faculty took her place,
Ever bids us hold within our view
Courage, wisdom truth and grace.

It is Miss Felton's softened voice
Sweet are those lulling sounds we hear
Of Muses tuneful art, our choicer,
Now far and faint, now full and near.

Vera Kruell, '12.



Alphabetical Rhyme

A is for appetite which we all possess,
When we go to a banquet and wear our best dress.
B is for Bertha whom we all so admire;
She has all the virtues that one could desire.
C is for Cannon our common defense,
When lessons are hard and troubles are dense.
D is for Dye; The youngest of all
Of Kouts' great Seniors is our dutiful Paul.
E is for Edna whose wisdom we see
When assembled for English in "Room C."
F is for Felton who inspires us with song,
Whose smiling face beams all the day long.
G is for "green horn." One's face is ne'er seen
Walking around on our High School Green.
H is for High School which we now bid good bye;
But we'll never forget it until we die.
I is for Indiana our dear Hoosier State;
Others are larger but none near so great.
J is for Juniors—the pride of our school;
They all become Seniors, if they pass—as a rule.
K is for Katherine who inspires us to work;
While under her guidance we never would shirk.
L is for lonesome, which we all will be
When we leave K. H. S. and start out on life's sea.
M is for mission ours we'll try to fulfil,
Which of course we can do if we work with a will.
N is for "Newt," our jolly trustee
Who fills up a door pretty full—Believe me.
O is for the pride of the nation;
Which we all hope to be when we get our vacation.
P is for power which we all will gain,
Unless our training's for naught and our efforts are vain.
Q is for quintessence of the High School a prize,
Of course is its Seniors, so clever and wise.
R is for Raymond, so staunch and so true;
When he is absent no other will do.

S is for Schussler whose future we see
Who forever is smiling so happy and free.
T is for training which we all have had:
If it comes to naught we all will be sad.
U is for universe. If we're not deceived,
Where 'tis more blessed to have given than to have received.
V is for Vera, so noble and kind;
Others like her we'll seek, but none will we find.
W is for Wright who just bought a farm;
He of'en gives us a false fire alarm.
X is for Xerxes won a great prize;
But the way he received it makes it small in our eyes.
Y is for youth. We're now in our prime,
But are growing older from time to time.
Z is for zeal, which it ever will take
For scholars "to pass" and their credits to make.

Raymond Williamson, '12.

Comparisons are Odious

LIKE conversation is the lettuce head.
It must be fresh and crisp so very bright
That better in it comes not to the light.
Yet lettuce like most talkers is instead
So apt to run to seed, that one is led
To bless and welcome with sincere delight.
The sort which comes to heart, and this more white.
At heart more solid and its freshness shed
E'en in maturity. Also we find
That lettuce like our conversation needs
A deal of oil, a pinch of salt, pepper
And mustard too, and vinegar combined;
But mixed with skill. This lettuce ever leads
Society I ask naught better.

Ethel Cannon, '12.

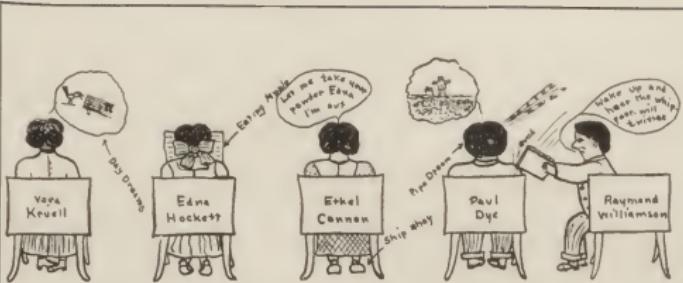
Life's Motto

WHEN your life seems dark and cloudy,
And the world seems blank to you;
But a voice within speaks loudly:
What's the use of what you do?

Question not, but live and labor,
Till your goal is won;
Helping every feeble neighbor,
But seeking help from none.

For life is mostly froth and bubbles,
But two things stand like stone;
Kindness in another's trouble;
Courage in your own.

—Anna Schussler.



Class Biography—1912

IN the month of September during the last year of the reign of Theo. R. (The Great) an even dozen comely lads and lassies with frightened looks upon their faces gathered together in the halls of the dear old K. H. S. building. Old classmates of our home grammar school and strangers were all there waiting for the welcome of the comely professor.

Finally, the last bell rang; and they heard the noise of the dreadful pencil which they were soon to learn was the signal to get to work. They then took seats wherever they could find them (the more learned members having taken the back seats) and waited to see what was coming next. They soon found that they were to try to develop their brains (if they had any) in solving for the great unknown quantity X., and in delving in the mysteries of nature under Mr. E. E. Wright.

They also found that they were to try to learn the difference between a noun and pronoun, adverb and adjective, and how to read write and speak Deutch correctly under the guidance of Miss Atkins.

The second year brought them together again with a smaller number (three having left for other callings) but with a firm determination to overcome the obstacles of German, Algebra and Geometry, the Laws and Histories of The Ancients and English; and with a new resolution to devote at least a part of their time in study.

At length the Sophomore days gave way to the hard work of the Junior year. During the Sophomore year three more classmates strayed from their sides leaving only one-half of the number that survived the fright of that memorable first day of their Freshie year. By this time they had become in the eyes of the Seniors "partially" civilized in all but their pronunciation, which according to their Prof. they have never yet attained.

During this year they racked their brains for solutions of Geometrical exercises and for the power of understanding the philosophy of Herman and Dorthea. Mighty were the debates waged in the American History class ('11 and '12) on the great topics of our ancestors' time. Cold ran the blood during the recitations on the great tragedies, Hamlet and Macbeth.

On one hot September morn in the third year of the reign of William (The Large) the surviving members of the class gathered together again in the good old (K. H. S.) building to take for one year the place of the illustrious Seniors who had left them.

This year they journeyed into the great land of Physics and Physical Geography; besides they all became "adepts," in Commercial Arithmetic. Later in the year they were surprised to learn that each possessed poetic genius and great were the poetic inspirations after the mysteries of the foot and metre of poetry were crowded into their overflowing brains (most of the cells having already flown.) In History they learned of the evil doings of the "Dark Ages." "The great awakening of the Renaissance," and of the glorious "Reformation," and the advance of nations in "Modern Ages."

Out of that merery "blneh" of lads and lassies who were in the class at the beginning of the Freshie year only five remain. But these five have stood shoulder to shoulder during the whole of our happy High School Life, and will always stand loyally by one another as long as any memories exist of the class of '12.

Paul R. Dye, '12.



The History of Kouts High School

THE history of Kouts High School began in 1899. It began its career as a two year course school. It has since gradually risen step by step to be one of the highest class, the commissioned school. In 1902 the term was lengthened to a three years course and continued thus until 1907, when it was given a four years course but put on the certified list. Along with this change came the addition of two more instructors in the High School Faculty, namely: a principal and a music and drawing instructor.

Our present Superintendent, Mr. E. E. Wright, also began his career as Superintendent of the Public Schools of Kouts, Indiana, in 1907. The first Principal of the Kouts High School was Miss Leach who only resided with us one year. The second Principal was Miss Atkins who left us after one year for the position as principal of the Wheeler High School. She was followed by Miss Tofté who still remains with us. The year 1907 also brought to us Miss Viant as a Music and Drawing Instructor. She resided with us for three years and was followed by our present instructor, Miss Felton.

In the spring of 1910, our school was granted a commission by the State Board of Education. The first graduates of the K. H. S., to graduate from the commissioned school were Miss Clara Young and Arthur Lacount. The largest class that ever graduated from this school was the class of '11 namely: Levi Stibble, Charles Handley, Lucie Biggart, Fanny Hannon, George Jones, Arthur Anderson, Martha Jones, Enniee Nichols, Otto Hofferth, Nora Denton and Grace Gay. In the year 1912 another instructor was added to the High School Faculty namely: Miss Katherine K. Kring.

The class of 1912 consists of but five members, but we sincerely hope that in the future the Kouts High School shall prosper and send out yearly a large class of graduates, well prepared to fight the battles of the life before them.

Paul R. Dye, '12.

Verses to Pupils

WHEN we reflect o'er High School
days
And wish to bring to view
The memories of the brilliant
"Rays", (Raymond)
We'll all remember you.

In Literature she takes the lead;
We hope she'll keep right on;
(Edna)
As members of the class indeed,
We'll share the honors won.

With all his fame in History
He ranks among the few. (Paul)
To us its been a mystery
Of all the things he knew.

You'll live forever in our minds
We ne'er can you forget. (Vera)
May time for you vocation find
And naught your path beset.

When out in this wide world of ours
And launched upon life's sea.
(Ethel)
May your paths be strewn with flowers
And will you sometimes think of
me?
Ethel Cannon, '12

Senior Class

CLASS FLOWER--Lily of Valley CLASS COLORS--Brown and Cream

CLASS MOTTO--"Übung macht den Meister"

Class Officers

Raymond L. Williamson	- - - - -	President
Paul R. Dye	- - - - -	Vice-President
Edna Hockett	- - - - -	Secretary
Ethel Cannon	- - - - -	Treasurer

Members

Vera Kruell	Edna Hockett
Paul R. Dye	Ethel Cannon
Raymond L. Williamson	

Ex-Members

Russell W. Baker	Roy Sheldon
Elsie Jarneke	Joe Shutske
Augusta Kosanke	Anna Schussler

Freshman Class History

ONE bright Autumnal day in September, fifteen boys and girls, John Hannon, Dora Blachly, John Jarnocke, Ruth Danielson, Lester Hayes, Alta Danielson, Carroll Hayes, Bessie Wolbrandt, Donald McKinnon, Lucille Cannon, Leo Shutske, Robert O'Brien, Harry Mochler, Lillian Metherd and Wayne Hockett, met in the hallway of the K. H. S.

They were rather timid at first but after the teachers gave them the front seats they soon forgot it. They were brought into the broad fields of Algebra and Agriculture by Mr. Wright and into German and English by Miss Tofte.

They soon learned the duties of K. H. S., that of giving both oral and written book reviews, theorems in Algebra, Essentials of the German language, Plant Life, etc.

After the beginning of the New Year, Carroll and Alta left their ranks for other callings. But they who remain are struggling for the honor of being Sophomores in 1913.

Lucille H. Cannon, '16.

Lillian I. Metherd, '16.

Sophomore Class History

ON the fifth of September, 1911, three maidens, Caroline Tofte, Freya Snodgrass and Mabel Ogden, and five youths, John Radilyack, Harry Jones, Eugene Snodgrass, John Shutske and Lee Williamson entered Kouts High School.

They took up their studies under the guidance of E. E. Wright, Miss Bertha Tofte and Miss Harriet Felton.

In the Autumn of 1911 only the youths returned as Sophomors. Again they took up their studies with the same teachers.

The class, consisting entirely of boys, have become especially interested in the study of Agriculture, tho. all other branches have received their due share of study, worry, anxiety, etc. In two short years we also hope to be "Wise Seniors."

Lee Williamson, '14.

Junior Class History

THE history of the Junior Class of nineteen-twelve is normal. This section of Kouts High School is composed of a merry bunch of lads and lasses who number sweet sixteen.

We left the eighth grade after a dreadful examination, spent the summer dreaming about lilac blossoms and pink roses and finally on September, the sixth, twenty-seven of us entered in the glories of K. H. S.

We then began to wonder who the little black-eyed principal reminded us of mostly; if Professor Wright would scold when we were minus our lessons and if the studies were in truth very hard.

For one long term we toiled and struggled with English, Algebra, Botony and German. With joy we welcomed exemptions; with valor we fought the exams.

In the Sophomore year our course was changed. We left the study of nature for facts about Greeks and the Romans. Our German grammars were laid aside for a time, and many a pleasant trip was taken through the Vaterland and up and down the Rhine.

Later Geometry was added and then followed Commercial Arithmetic. The pleasures in all were sought for, and the mysteries in many were solved, for we have thus far left nothing undone.

Although we with sorrow watch the Seniors leave our dear school yard, we will rush to refill their places with a shout of, "Make way for my lady." the class of the year of '13.

Eva Noland.

gogue and "Boss" in order to obtain legislation, local and national, for his own benefit is natural. It is a fact.

But why is this corruption possible in a democracy like our own, is a question which might be asked of any of us. No person could buy a vote if somebody else were not willing to sell one. A legislature could not be run by some boss sitting in his office if there were not a lobby at the capital.

This rule perhaps would not be so bad if it was an intelligent, benevolent and public spirited despotism. But in most cases this kind of rule is the rule of shrewd ignorance selfishness of the worst type, and bold dishonesty. As it has been proven by History this rule is the worst rule obtainable. It is a dire necessity to do away with it entirely or our country will ride to the same destiny that The Grand Republic of Ancient Rome did.

Education is the best possible safe guard against this tyranny. It is in harmony with our principles, and has the power of defending our glorious institutions without enslaving them. The greatest need of our country is men. Men of the first class, if possible, if not, as near first class as possible.

But the only means yet discovered for producing first class men, that is men of good morals, good judgment, and a high sense of the difference between right and wrong, just and unjust, is education. Though education is but a slow remedy for this evil it is thorough going.

May we hope that all will aid in the great work education is sure to accomplish. Then we may march shoulder to shoulder to the task of driving out all political corruption which tends to weaken our government, our personal rights, as well as our neighbors, and our personal morals, and substitute for this entirely a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Paul R. Dye, '12.

An Endless Chain

The teacher is solemnly
Calling the roll,
As the nine o'clock bell
Is beginning to toll.

Books are uncovered.
Brought to the light;
Toil is unbroken
From morning till night.

No voice in the schoolroom
No sound in the hall.
Each one is studying;
Silence reigns over all.

All have good lessons
Each day of the week;
For knowledge and wisdom
Is the goal which all seek.

Lessons are completed;
Books are closed for the day;
And the hand has ope'd them,
Now lays them away.

Deserted the schoolroom;
Silence is complete;
No voices are ringing;
No patter of feet.

Dim grow the shadows.
And soon fade away;
Darkness comes slowly
To cover the day.

Thus pass the hours.
Day after day;
Now darkness; now daylight;
Now work and now play.

Raymond L. Williamson. '12

Life's Sunset

A S THE sun is slowly sinking
To it's rest beyond the day,
In my solitude I'm thinking
Of the sunlight's lingering ray.

How when you and I are traveling
In our path toward the west,
May we ever be unraveling
Golden cords to guide the rest.

Cords of truth, and cords of kindness
Leading on to webs of love.
Which unite at last to bind us
To the throne of God above.

To some wayward soul despairing
Of his hopes of long ago
May our kindness have a sharing
Of his path of hidden woe.

What if we neglect this duty
Which our Father's given us?
Shall we ever see the beauty
Of that home in which we trust?

Toward each other let us ever
Manifest our love for Him,
Whose great love for us can never
In its tenderness grow dim.

As the sunbeam in the twilight
So our life each day may be
If we but reflect the sunlight
Of the life that is to be.

Ethel C., '12.

A Plea for Cleaner Politics

IT IS an established fact that there has been at different times a great deal of corruption in politics.

This has not been entirely eliminated yet. What we want to strive for and must accomplish is the elimination of all corruption in politics. The corruption in politics today consists of the rule of the machine, or in other words of the rule of the demagogue and of the political boss. These perils are interwoven to form a strong organization, strong enough to grasp the reins of the government and to hold them against all opposition.

The work of the proper rulers of this country, that is the people, is to educate themselves in the ways in which any candidate of the machine secures his election.

I do not mean to say that this political corruption is an epidemic in all sections of the country but in certain localities traces of it are easily found. Here and there all over the country men whose only distinction is their wealth, and men whose only profession is the concentration of political schemes by means of underhand work, compared to real statesmen as quacks are to real physicians, have at times found their way into some of our highest governmental positions. The presence of such men in our government is a slur on the education and worthiness of our American citizens.

It is an undisputed fact that money talks. But the problem confronting the American people to-day is to see that money does not do all the talking.

It is not likely that the demagogue, the wealthy man and the "Boss" will ever become the ruling class of this intelligent country in the open. That the rich man will support the dema-

Follies and Foibles

(Edna Hockett)

NAME	DISPOSITION	HOBBY	APPEARANCE	REDEEMING VIRTUE	WHAT THEY LIVED FOR	HOW THEY ENTERED THE ROOM	CONSEQUENCE
Ethel Cannon	Sunny	Writing notes	Just so-so	Complexion	A home	Looking for the Fun Frolic	
Vera Kruehl	Amiable	Elocution	Dignified	Writing	Self	With other one and a bbeck	
Paul Dye	Calm and Pest	Tem-Politics	Self-satisfied	Talking	History	Determined air	An actress
Raymond Williamson	Pious	Music	A musician	Sparkling	Fame	With a smile	A senator
Edna Hockett	Positive	Drawing	A Bridget	Whistling	Teacher's license	Bristly	A monk
							Bachelor maid.

Puns and Pickers

NAME	AGE	SIZE	SHAPE	STEP	LAUGH	CONVERSATION	SCRIPT
Ethel Cannon	Sweet Sixteen	To hold	A Marie Antoinette:	Two-step	Who-e-o-ha-ha	Abundant	"Lamotonous"
Vera Kruehl	Matronly	To have	Empress Napoleon	Toe-Step	Who-oo-who-ho	Delicate	"Serumptuous"
Paul Dye	Saged	To beat	Heel-step	Ka-a-haa-haa	Broguelish	"Scramptuous"	"Scramptuous"
Raymond Williamson	Patronly	To win	Lincoln	Easy-step	Ugh-hugh-hu	Difficult	"Superuentual"
Edna Hockett	(Girlish	To desire	A Portia	Quick-step	Fitz-fie-ha	Droll	"Lambrolgious"

The K. H. S. Alumni

Jesse Batterson	Ass't. Mine Supt.	Columbus, Nebr.
Fred Chael	Signal Gang	Kouts, Indiana.
Oscar Knolls	Pitcher	Denver, Col.
Loyd Cannon	Farmer	Kouts, Indiana.
Kathryn Kringle	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Mae Benkie	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Grace Jones	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Clara Hanon	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Lila Cannon	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Grace Cannon	Carpenter	Kouts, Indiana.
Glenn Cannon	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.
Florence Young	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Jenet Anderson	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
K. Cunningham	Merchant	Kouts, Indiana.
Nyle Pierce	Teacher	Los Angeles, Cal.
Anna Proppe	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Marie Beckwith	Carpenter	Lansing, Mich.
Ethel Alles	Student	Kouts, Indiana.
Wm. Swink	Stenographer	Valparaiso, Ind.
Elizabeth Frye	Teacher	Chicago, Ill.
Louise Hoedecker	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.
Edith Antonen	Teacher	La Crosse, Ind.
Pauline Kreiger	Farmer	Valparaiso, Ind.
Arthur La Count	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Clara Young	Student	Lafayette, Ind.
Levi Stibbe	Student	Valparaiso, Ind.
Chas. Handley	Student	Kouts, Indiana.
Lucile Biggart	Student	Valparaiso, Ind.
Fannie Hanon	Farmer	Kouts, Indiana.
Geo. Jones	Student	Valparaiso, Ind.
Arthur Anderson	Salesman	Kouts, Indiana.
Otto A. Hoffert	Farmer	Kouts, Indiana.
Myrtle Jones	Clerk	Valparaiso, Ind.
Elanice Nichols	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana.
Nora Denson	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.
Grace Gay		

Wlas's, Jis's and Will Re's

	WAS'S	ISS	WILL. BE'S
Edna	Reader	Elocutionist	School Mar'm
Vera	Favorite	Poetess	Dotiful Wife
Raymond	" Ray "	Physicist	Lawyer
Paul	Actor	Still Acting	Politician
Ethel	A Good Little Girl	A Sweetheart	Change of Name





Class Prophecy

ATTER my High School career it had always been my highest ambition to travel extensively. I took a great interest in teaching Elocution for the following eight years, when one day I learned that my uncle at Berlin had suddenly died and left me heir to an immense sum of money.

My ambition could now be fulfilled and I at once took the opportunity. Having learned that an ex-member of my class of 1912 lived at Cairo, Egypt, I immediately wrote to her, stating I would visit her a few days on my tour around the world. I left New York on a beautiful May morning, on "Kaiser William," one of the Goodrich Liners.

"I've been wondering about our old class in high school," I said to my friend and her husband, as we sat at their cozy little supper table one night in 1920. "And I've decided to go to see Madame Brabioschowski, down on Palm Street. Would you care to go with me to-night?"

My friend agreed to go with me, but her husband said, "Why, do you think she can tell you about your old class?"

"Why, she's a spiritual medium and she's the real thing, and not a fake. She can make the spirits tell her."

He laughed, but stopped with us at Madame Brabioschow-

ski's on his way down town, promising to call for us later.

We were shown into a beautiful apartment by a neat little maid. The room was furnished in Oriental style with very rich rugs and hangings.

In about five minutes Madame Brabioschowski entered. She was a tall, black-gowned, woman of striking appearance. I could not see her features plainly at first, but she suddenly turned so that the light fell on her face, and I nearly fainted. It was Anna Schussler, my old High School friend.

She recognized me at once and we had a long chat about old times. She finally consented to try and call up her "spooks," and to ask them about our old class. (She did not call them that, she called them her "guides.")

She put out all the lights except one near her, which was turned very low, I felt uncomfortable, but I said nothing. For a long time there was not a sound in the room. Then suddenly she broke into a rippling laugh. "I see it all very plainly. Now don't you or you will spoil it all!"

"There is a large, gloomy, castle in England. The drawing room is very brilliantly lighted. A beautiful woman with sparkling eyes is seated at a piano playing. The jewels on her fingers and in her hair flash in the light. Now she has stopped playing and the people flock around her calling her "Lady Dawson" and complimenting her playing. Now she is turning this way. Why, it is Ethel Cannon.

"She was a famous performer on the American stage before she married the Englishman. She had quite a little romance of her own." A long pause followed, then—

"Now I see a ranch in Arizona. A cowboy comes dashing up and catches his pretty little wife in his arms and they walk off together. It is Paul Dye. He came here when he graduated from High School, and has grown rich and now owns this great ranch. His one weakness is dancing, and he gives a dance almost every week, to which everyone for miles around is invited, and where many successful "matches" have been struck.

"Now it is a fashionable shop in Paris. A number of finely dressed ladies are looking at the gowns, hats, and paintings on display. One of them asked for Madame Princeton, the fashion expert, and the owner of the establishment. She enters, a beautiful woman dressed in a black velvet gown, with pretty brown hair, done up in the latest style, and carrying a palette and brush. Who—O! it is Edna Hockett. She was always an artist."

Then a few moments intervened while another guide was called. Soon we were given a picture of the Grand Opera of Paris, entitled 'Academie de Musique.' A tall slender man

with flowing hair is leading the orchestra at the footlights of the —Behold! it is Raymond Williamson. He always has been a natural born musician. But what does he do during his idle hours. He has not forgotten the basis furnished by his course in Botany in the High School. Among his many wonderful works he has grafted strawberries and milkweeds together and produces strawberries and cream.

We again talk of old times and were greatly surprised and pleased with the glory of the class of '12.

As we went home my friend told her husband all that Madam Brabioschowski had said; but he only laughed and said it was "all a humbug." Now isn't that just like a man?

Vera Kruell, '12.



Footsteps of Life

(Class Poem.)



WHEN our days of life are numbered,
And destiny alone can tell
How many a one has slumbered,
Only try and do things well.

Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear;
Stil o'er youth's scene our mem'ry
wakes
Which we have borne and yet must
bear.

A voice from out the future cries,
"On, on"—but o'er the Past
Ah, starry Hope! that dids't arise
But to be overcast!

Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
When self-sacrifice of life begun,
We surely then can ne'er regret.

The echo of all human fame,
Is not attained by sudden flight;
Give eternal honor to His name
Though our hearts grow weary, ere the
night.

By hope, we help to save mankind
Whose shadows round us spread;
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Which some do always dread.

We trust, we resolve, we hope, we pray,
As time runs on into the past.
We may borrow the wings to find the way:
And shall, while the world shall last.

Tho' world on world in myriads roll
Round us each, with different powers,
What know we greater than the Soul
And other forms of life than ours?

While races of mankind endure,
Who treads at ease life's uncheer'd way—
He will find the path of duty pure
Nobler than this, to fill the day.

Like the moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
Let not the shadowy disk of future years,
Conceal thee as in gloomy night.

For often may our burdens seem
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavier than the weight of dreams.
Strive on and meet them everywhere.

Through the years successive portals,
Through the bounds made from afar,
Trials often made us startle,
When we tried to reach a star.

Our Aims all will various be,
Fate alone can stand the test;
For Victor he must ever be
If he can prove himself the best.

Like waves along a broad sea-beech
When the sand a silver shines,
It was thus we our endeavors reached,
And thoughts along some lines.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide;
Our friendships formed with pure delight,
We hope may long abide.

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
Something still remains undone,
For time will soon teach us the truth,
Then, await the rising of the sun.

Our goal's not reached by a single bound,
But by slow degrees we steadily rise;
And as we're advancing round by round
May our Aims prove just and wise.

Vera Kruell, '12.

Class Will

WE, the Seniors of Kouts High School of the year nineteen-hundred-twelve, being sound of mind and body, despite the shocks received from brain storms, verbal escapades, adjective surmorts and an over abundant supply of words from the unedited dictionary, do this day under name and seal bequeath to and request of the undersaid persons the following things.

Firstly, we do appoint Oley Betterton, Russel LaCount and Raymond Benkir as a committee to execute these our last wishes.

To the infant class of next year—the power to overcome fear produced upon entrance to the Freshman year—free access to the **Dictionary**—the left over funds from the nineteen-hundred-twelve annual to purchase “plenty of (table) spoons and double seats.”

To the Sophomores of next year—the **Wright** to debate in Ancient History, a (K)ring muzzle to produce vocal quietude—a carpet to muffle the stampedes—and the right to travel.

To the Juniors of next year—the power of delving into the philosophy of Lyonnoun and Iorayloi—a few members of the fairer sex in as much as they are minus quantity—and an instinct to carry them beyond the Bugbeans of Geometry.

To the Seniors of next year—the back seats—the privileges to eat cherry High-balls in time of school—the back yard as a waste basket for orange and banana peelings—patriotisms in American History—the **Wright** to spark in Physics Laboratory with the static machine—the remains of the walking Cannon—Krnell Dictionary—power to maintain diaeritical markings throughout the year—the **Wrightness** of the Rigidon Grammar—and we will grant to you the poetic license for the last half of senior year—and lastly the right to fly your colors.

To Mr. Wright next year—the right to hold pnigilistic contests after school—the “rule” to measure every one by—a “cooked” Peary book and Amundsen (a mounsooned) Scott chronicles for the physical Geography class to promote the interests of the geographical poles—and our physics note-books.

To Miss Tofte next year—a vacuum cleaner to pick up the pencil shavings—an extra hook in the office for visitors’ hats—the Christmas present that we didn’t give to her next Christmas.

To Miss Felton next year—a little more power to drum out the Bass,—a megaphone to magnify the Altos and Tenors,—a grindorgan to subdue the Sopranos and a microscope to

enlarge articles in front so that those in the back seats may see.

To Miss Kring next year—a piece of cheese to satisfy the mice during Commercial Arithmetic class—mental telepathy in a condensor from which it will be easy to produce “the effect,” a little of our left over funds to treat “us” with,—and our Physical Geography note-books.

To Mr. Frye next year—the remains of the “well cared-for dustpans.”—an incline-plane out of the laboratory to convey heat upstairs when the radiators refuse to work—and a bell boy to sound the gong for false fire-alarm.

To the school next year—the library key.—the right to dispose of the library funds taken in during the year.—the right to chew gum in school time,—the wrong to eat apples with lemon juice—the love of country.—the dove of a teacher,—and the ease of a “snooze” before getting lessons.

Lastly, we extend to our “beloved brethren” and “fellows” together with our “dear masters” our deepest love, gratitude and respect. All that we ask in return is that our names be in the “Family Bible.”

Signed and witnessed by:—

Edna Hockett, '12.

Paul Dye, '12

Raymond L. Williamson, '12.



Senior Calendar '11-'12

- Sept. 6—School opens. Trouble begins.
- Sept. 7—New rule started. Seniors get back seats, no great honor—had them last year.
- Sept. 11—Talk of sending home several bright Seniors to accomodate incoming eighth grade.
- Sept. 12—Change of seats.
- Sept. 27—Miss Tofte forgets to call recess.
- Oct. 2—Paul comes with hair cut. Much beauty exposed.
- Oct. 9—New excuse rule introduced. Too much red tape !!!
- Oct. 26—A surprise (?) School dismissed at recess.
- Nov. 8—It is reported that Senior sharpened a pencil during Mr. Wright's class, without being caught. Report probably untrue.
- Nov. 16—Senior girls wear their bows.
- Nov. 28—Thanksgiving. Vacation.
- Dec. 2—Holiday over. All joyfully (?) resume their studies.
- Dec. 14—Joke on Raymond. He becomes lodged between two Junior lasses at recess.
- Quite a commotion.
- Dec. 21—Fire! Fire! Pour on water! Pour on water!
- Dec. 22—Banquet to Juniors.
- Dec. 25—Vacation. Merry Xmas.
- Jan. 2—All try to think we are glad for school to commence again—Fail.
- Jan. 10—No school. The ceiling got sealed.
- Jan. 11—Examination.
- Jan. 12—Ditto.
- Jan. 15—More Study.
- Jan. 17, 18, 19—Edna, Ethel and Vera take turn about teaching Miss William's room.
- Jan. 17—Look out Vera, you're liable to hurt your hand if you use the wrong end of the paddle.
- Jan. 18—Ethel also used the paddle.
- Jan. 29—"Fresh air Crusade" begins. Everybody catches cold.
- Jan. 31—Report cards given out.
- Feb. 8—Ten pupils absent. For the benefit of the steam engine.
- Feb. 7—Dicken's centenary. Seniors entertain II. S.
- Feb. 8—Nothin' doin'.
- Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday. Raymond entertains.
- Feb. 23—Two flies persist in hovering about a lump of sugar at back of room. Wonder why?
- Feb. 29—Leap year.—What is so rare as Feb. 29?
- Mar. 5—Fire! Fire! Another false alarm.
- Mar. 12—Two of Miss Anderson's pupils entertain II. S.
- Mar. 19—Paul sent from History class. Too much gossip.
- Mar. 28—A very noticeable jar felt about 2:30 occasioned by the fall of a dignified (?) Junior girl.
- April 2—Another wonder in the list of wonderfuls. Raymond wore his new tie.
- April 3—My, my, sleepy spring fever already?
- April 4, 5—Vacation. Teachers attend "Northern Indiana Teachers' Association."
- April 9—Debate in History class.
- April 13—Seniors have their "mugs shot" for a place in the Annual.
- April 27—Annual goes to press.
- May 16—Hard work ends.
- May 17—Class Day.
- May 18—A long wanted and much needed vacation begins at last.

Ethel Cannon, '12.

Vera Kruell, '12.

Grinds

Mr. E. E. Wright

"Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

Miss B. Tofte

"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends."

Miss K. Kring

"Calm as a night's repose;
Like flowers at set of sun."

Miss H. Felton

"She comes on the wings of gladness,
The fruition of delight."

Paul Dye

"A mind-bold, independent, and decisive."

Edna Hockett

"Food for grave, inquiring speech
She everywhere doth find."

Raymond Williamson

"He never says a foolish thing,
Nor never does a wise one."

Ethel Cannon

"Eyes brimful of mischief,
Skilled in all its arts."

Vera Kruell

— "The future yet concealeth,
What I seek, and what I will."

—Vera Kruell, '12

Nations Studied In?

Carnations—class flower ! ! ! ! .
Insubordination—just before Christ-
mas ?
Donation—fines on delinquent books.
Determination—getting it ?
Coronation—Senior next year.
Assassination—Killing mice in school
time.
Imagination—A bluff for the real
thing.
Explanation—Excuse for absence.
Resignation—Quitting school.
Combination—Two in one seat ?
Nomination—One selected to recite.

Edna Hockett, '12

'12 Prospectus

A S members of the Senior Class,
Each one has done his part.
Now soon from K. H. S. we'll
pass
And one by one embark.
Perhaps to some far distant land
Like sheep we'll go astray,
Until by Time's firm steady hand
Each one is launched at bay.
Perhaps each is a friend in need,
If so we all shall know
How rugged is the path that leads
To that far distant goal.
No doubt each has some aim in mind;
Then let this aim be high;
And thus in future days we'll find
Our flags have reached the sky.
Some may be launched on life's deep
sea
And stand behind the mast;
Before the storm of life may flee
Then stop and rest,—then all is
past. Ethel Cannon, '12.

Junior Senior Banquet

WE Juniors truly were surprised,
To learn the plans that were devised,
By the Seniors wise and gay
For rejoicing before Xmas Day.

Strange it seemed, I truly say
For 'twas a secret until that day.
But a Senior with a voice so strong
Replied, "It did not take us long."

'Twas then we guessed the reason
Of sessions early in the season.
A class meeting they would often call,
And then rush out and down the hall.

Each Junior accepted with a smile.
Heartily thanking them all the while,
For pleasure brought with merry yule-tide
To the Juniors from every side.

That evening heavy twilight fell
On frosted wood and drifted dell.
Black darkness fell with twilight dim,
No new moon bent her silver rim.

None had any haunting fear
For all were present from far and near;
Feasting and rejoicing made us gay
So no one thought of their homeward way.

A group of K. H. S. students I see.
Brimfull of mirth—as students will be,
When half a year's task is done
They are foremost in all fun.

How gay we were! What songs we sang!

Till the house with echoes rang.
Then some guessing games were tried
For puzzles are the Senior's pride.

Songs of the Seniors and Juniors were heard.

But no unpleasant or unkind word.
Miss Felton sang, Miss Tofte spoke
And the harmony was never broke.

After games and play and song
To the feast stepped the happy throng.
Oh, of all the good thing there to eat!
We all are united: it sure was a treat.

Salads, chocolate and ice cream so grand.
Cakes, sandwiches and fruits on a lofty stand.

The nuts prepared with dainty care
And above hung the smilax so rare.

The evening past—feasting must cease,
We thanked the Seniors with songs of peace.

A silence deep fell on the throng
Only to be broken by a good-night song.

'Twas weeks ago. That day is o'er
We hear those songs no more.
Now it is school and work and duty
As quiet lives have simple beauty.

Let us thank thee—Oh Seniors for thy graces.

You go, but we shall take your places.
We wish you untold success and fame.
May reward await you greater than a name.

Katherine Drazer. '13.

Junior Address to the Seniors

Five score and eleven days ago the Seniors brought forth unto this K. H. S., a great surprise, conceived in friendship and dedicated to the entertainment of the Juniors. Then we were engaged in great preparation for that occasion, wondering why no other Junior Class in the history of our school had ever been so fortunate. Then we all met at the home of Miss Vera Krull. We were there to enjoy the delightful programme which had been prepared for us. It is altogether fitting and proper that they should know our appreciation of their efforts; but in a larger sense we can not manifest, we can not express, our gratitude. The brave Seniors, thoughtful and kind, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The class will always note and long remember the events of that evening. It was to us—the Juniors—that they served such delicious refreshments. It was for us that they took upon themselves the task of beautifully decorating the rooms and arranging games which gave to us a full measure of enjoyment; that we here highly resolve that those plans shall not have been in vain; and that this class under the High School banner shall retain this memory and that the reception of the Seniors, by the Seniors, and for the Juniors, shall not perish from the earth.

Junior Girls.

Farewell to Juniors

FAREWELL, Juniors, one and all.
Of each, kind memories we'll recall
To each we bid a fond adieu;
And may we hope the same from you?

We bid good by to Seniordom
And bid you Juniors fill our place;
Full well we know that you will come
To be aspirants in life's race.

It takes a great amount of work
To well complete the Senior year;
From long, hard lessons never shirk,
But bear your trials without fear.

Let "Onward, Upward" your motto be;
Strive on against each storm and blast,
You will gain the long lost key.
And reap a harvest rich at last.

Raymond L. Williamson, '12.

Music

THE music department surely deserves as much attention and credit as any part of the High School course. This year it has prospered exceedingly well under the same instructor, Miss Harriet A. Felton. Miss Felton has worked very hard and devoted much of her time to make it a success in every way, and she is certainly entitled to much praise. There are three prominent organizations. "The Girls Glee Club," "the Male Quartet," and "The Chorus," there being fifty-six members in the chorus.

Emil Polaski	First Tenor
Raymond Williamson	Second Tenor.
Robert O'Brien	First Bass.
Eugene Snodgrass	Second Bass.
Pearle Frinkle	First Soprano.
Mammie Wolbrandt	First Soprano.
Lenora Kosanke	First Soprano.
Mabelle Paul	First Soprano.
Rosa Welsh	First Soprano.
Bessie Wolbrandt	First Soprano.
Ethel Cannon	Second Soprano.
Eva Noland	Second Soprano.
Edna Hockett	Second Soprano.
Vera Kruell	Second Soprano.
Kathryne Drazer	Second Soprano.
Ruth Danielson	Second Soprano.
Lillian Metherd	Alto.
Lucille Cannon	Alto.
Ella Johnston	Alto.
Anna Schussler	Alto.
Dora Blachly	Alto.

Ode to the Seniors

FAREWELL Seniors, one and all,
To you we give a fond adieu
And day by day we'll all recall
Kind memories of you.

The place as Seniors filled by you
We will fulfil another year
And may we also prove 'true blue'
And leave a memory just as dear.

May you, when in the wide, wide world
Striving for higher work,
Think of the Dear Old K. H. S.
Where none are known to shirk.

Then when out upon Life's Sea
And away from the bonds of High
School;
We hope that all of your efforts will be;
To follow the Golden Rule.

Ah, now that you are soon to go
Do not forget those happy days
When we loved each other so
And learned so well each other's ways.

As members of the Junior Class
To you we now extend
Our heartfelt wishes first and last
Until your journey's end.

Raymond B., '13.



Raymond Williamson was hurrying to class when Edna Hocket called to him that he needn't exert himself for the class would start without him. "Oh, that's what I'm afraid of," Raymond answered.

Miss Kring in physical geography: "The house-fly belongs to the order, 'Diptera.' Where does the chicken louse belong?"

Raymond Williamson: "The chicken house."

Prof Wright: "Was it a bad accident?"

Paul Dye: "Well, I was knocked speechless, and my wheel was knocked spokeless."

Miss Kring: "Ethel, what are the four sets of teeth?"

Ethel Cannon: "Well, the prenatent teeth, the milk teeth,

and the permanent teeth—I don't know the fourth set."

Vera Kruell: (in a whisper), "False teeth."

At the beginning of the school term, all Prof. Wright asked of his pupils was "do right." But if you can't do right, do "Wright."

Miss Kring in physical geography: "Raymond, name five animals that live in the Arctic Zone."

Raymond W. "Three polar bears and two seals."

"JUST A FRESHMAN"

I'm a Freshman, that I know
But I don't mind so much
Since I've had German I can go
And swear at them in Dutch.

Miss Kring: "Ethel, what is the earth's orbit?"

Ethel Cannon: "Isn't it what the earth turns round on?"

"How many children have you?" asked Trustee Anderson, while taking the census.

The man addressed removed the pipe from his mouth, scratched his head, thought it over a moment and then replied: "Five—four living and one married."

Prof. Wright: "What is steam?"

Senior Girl: "Water gone crazy with the heat."

Freshie reading the Merchant of Venice—"Shylock was an infidèle." (Infidel.)

Miss Tofte: "What is the difference between assault and attack?"

Paul Dye: (astonished)—"A salt and a tack?"

Senior: "I hear they're not going to make the annual any longer after this year."

Printer: "Because they're long enough."

Prof. Wright: "What is an angle?"

Junior: "An angle is a triangle with one side rubbed off."

Frank going to waste-basket without permission stepped on a match which gave a loud report. (class laughed.)

Miss Kring: (to pupils) "Oh, never mind that; that just shows there is a cavity in somebody's head that needs filling."

A man ran into a doctor's office the other day, and said that a man had swallowed a foot rule, and was dying by inches. The doctor said, that was nothing, as he had once a patient who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. A couple of men joined in the conversation, one saying he had know of a fellow in Texas who swallowed a revolver, and went off easy, and the other telling of a man in Oshkosh who drank a quart of cider and departed in good spirits.

Lost, strayed or stolen—One Paul Dye.
Finder, please return to Prof. Wright. Reward ! ?

Little puffs of powder
Little dabs of paint
Make the Senior's freckles,
Look as if they ain't.

Miss Tofte: "Raymond, what is a vagabond?"
Raymond W. "A vagabond is a bird."

Miss Kring in Commercial Arithmetic: "Paul, how old would a person be who was born in 1887?"
Paul Dye: "Was it a man or woman?"

Miss Tofte: "Ethel, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing at?"

Ethel C: "I was just thinking about something."

Miss Tofte: "You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch onward.
Hampered by hobble—skirts
Hopped the "Four Hundred."

Prof. Wright (absent-minded.) "I see I've got my hat on. Now I wonder if I was going out or coming in."

Pupil: "Was Rome founded by Romeo?"

Teacher: "No, it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

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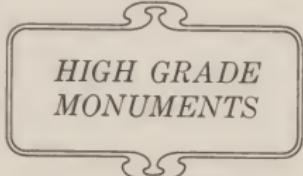


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HAVE YOU visited that new Department Store of Deopker's? The stock is as new as the building. We have a fine line of the new Spring styles in men's and boy's Clothing we would like to show you. Every department is full of the newest things of the season.

H. V. DEOPKER

Kouts - - - Indiana

PHONES

Office: 161J. Residence: 76W.

J. D. KEEHN

DENTIST

East side Public Square, over
Williams' Drug Store.

Satisfactory Work Guaranteed

8 to 12 a. m. HOURS 1 to 6 p. m.

Valparaiso - - - Ind.

HALF the battles of this strenuous life are won by a favorable first impression. The man who is becomingly, stylishly, dressed wins out nearly every time. Don't be clothes handicapped. Our

Hart Schaffner & Marx

suits give you confidence, the assurance that your appearance is correct, the feeling that you are the equal of any and all young men.

In Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery we always show the latest and the best. New models that are right in style, fit, wear and price.

THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

Lowenstein's

Valparaiso

You get the girl; we will furnish the home

Doctor
C. L. Bartholomew

Dentist

J. D. Stoner
& Brother

Valparaiso, Indiana

At Kouts
Every Wednesday

Wall Paper and Paint

Largest stock in Porter County

Heineman & Sievers

West Side Court House

Valparaiso

W. F. Lederer

Dealer in
The Better Grade of
Pianos

Also agent for SINGER
SEWING MACHINE CO.

15 North Washington Street
Valparaiso, Indiana

Suits

Cleaned and Pressed

LEAVE YOUR WORK
AT ANDERSON'S STORE

Give Us A Trial

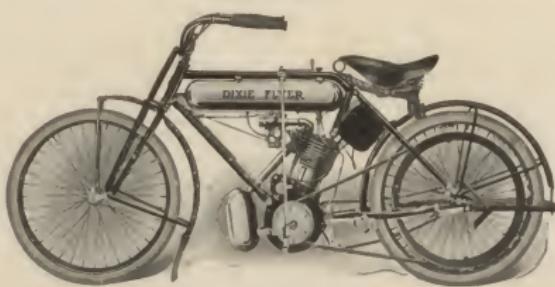


T. Kreker

FREE!

Purchase your Suits, Hats, Ties,
Hosiery, Underwear, etc.,
of R. P. Wolfe

FREE!



\$250.00 Dixie Motorcycle

Given away in the Motorcycle contest. Get your friends to work for you and give you their votes. Contest ends September 30th, 1912. Vote given with every purchase—25 votes with 25c purchase, 100 votes with \$1.00, etc.

The Vidette

Valparaiso, Indiana



Daily—\$4.00 per year by mail
Weekly—\$1.50 per year by mail



JOHN M. MAVITY
Proprietor

Dr. J. R. Pagin

Dentist

Corner Main and Franklin Sts.

Valparaiso, Indiana



You
Young
Men

who are about to
graduate will find
or ready to meet all
your dress require-
ments for this occa-
sion.

In addition to the re-
tailing for your graduation,
a selection of these tail-
ored jackets, quondam
green, that you will be
proud of as long as you
live them.

Come in now while our
assortment of styles and
colors is complete.

\$15.00 to \$40.00

Specht-Finney-Skinner Co.

All work in our male dresses
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VALPARAISO INDIANA
Department Store

